UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT, CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1203.

Original Poetry.

THE LONE INDIAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST. BY HENRY MORFORD.

"He came in the dawn and the beneath the broad oak which shaded a grave of three days." The pale face within man's home had been there. "I am the last of my tribe," murmured he, "and I will not be buried here in peace." So saying he broke his bow at the grave, and departed forever.—Indian Tradition.

I will look no more
On my own loved land.
That the white man free
From my trembling hand.
I will look not here,
I will tread alone,
Where the sun lies low,
And will soon go down

I could bear with all
They have done to me,
I could bear it all
As a withered tree.
But the spirit's wound
Has been even here,
And my buried dead
In the white man's sneer

They have cut away
The old oak trough,
Where leaves one day
I wreathed on her brow
They have left her grave
To the mocking sun,
For the lance and the slave
To look upon.

My peoples feet
Tread them as a mere,
In the council seat
Where was all of yore
The council brave
Of the wild, stern oracle
Full of broken vows
And of bloody bonds
The cloud is on
Its green this morn
With the waving rushes
Of their hoary rest
And I see the mists
Of their great wrecks
Glide o'er the valley
Where are the bones
The pale face may think
Th' t the land is good,
But the soil is red
In my people's blood.
And I will not dye
On this trodden ground,
And I will not lie
With this race around

My hair is gray,
And my arm is weak:
The red will lay
On the leaden's cheek
I will break my bow.
I will tread alone,
Where the sun is low,
And will soon go down.

Original Novel.

MARIAN;
Or, Ingleborough Hall.
A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CONCLUDED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST. BY EMMA MILLER BERKELEY, AUTHOR OF "MARMADUKE WYVIL," "GIL BLAS," "RINGWOOD THE ROVER," "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

Thus then did the days pass away until Marian during those years of which her sister knew so little, each day sadder and bearing less of hope than the last. At length the old man died—his death, that mother whom she had once so cherished, whose memory was still so dear to her —yet had those days, although bringing with decrease in the unhappy wife's cold sadness! No! so completely had the hardening touch of despair fortified all her feelings, that she now felt that nothing could increase or diminish the burthen, under which she labored. If she thought of the dead at all, it was to envy her—to weep—it was to clasp her hands, and turn her eyes up to heaven, and to cry—"Blessed are the read, who die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labors!" And worse every day, and more vicious—aye! and more lasterne and more cruel in his vices, did Ernest de Vaux show himself. Alas!—the career of vice, is as it were on a road with a steep moment's side. There is no halting on the way, no standing still—no power of remaining with one's self. Upward it may not ward, you must on, and on for ever! Upward with conscientious hopes and earnest struggles and energies! downward with head in honey and to peace—or downward, with heading speed, to crime, and agony, and ruin, and that perdition which shall rest and where all hope else have reached their termination. Alas! I say—alas! for the latter was the path in which the steps of De Vaux were hurrying, and to ward this termination.

From gentlemanly vice, as it is falsely called, and those extinguishes or scorns, was rather, of which men, deemed by the world honorable, may be guilty without losing caste, Ernest began now to degenerate into low profligacy, vulgar habitual debauchery! His noble features and fine form had already begun to display the symptoms of habitual intemperance; his courtly manners and air once so noble had deteriorated sadly; his temper, so irritable and mild, and at times so kind, in return who so kindly, had become harsh, and quarrelsome, uneven, and at times violent and brutal.

Yet Marian still clung to him, defended in weal and we, in wealth as in poverty—for at times, in the changes and vicissitudes of the gambler's way, they had in truth undergone much hardship—she was still the unchanged, unerring, fond comforter, and alas! how cruelly, and how often were her sweet consolations cast back upon her, her kind and affectionate advances met with harsh words, and even with blows, and once! yes once, when the mad demon of intoxication was all powerful within him—yes! once with a knife.

It was the fifth year of the civil war, and though many fierce and sanguinary fields had been fought, many brave lives sacrificed, many and manor-houses stormed and defended, much generous, noble blood prodigally wasted, neither side yet had gained anything, or real or permanent advantage. It was the fifth year of the civil war, and the Marquis of Newcastle, one of the most accomplished and brilliant gentlemen of the day, was holding York for the King, though besieged with an overwhelming force, by the combined forces of the English patriots and independents, under Lord Fairfax and Oliver Cromwell, and the Scotch covenanters, under David Leslie, and many of the protestant Lords of the sister kingdom.

The siege had indeed lasted some time, but although those within the city were beginning to look eagerly for the relief which was expected daily from Prince Rupert, they were not as yet straitened for provisions, or despaired. And here in the midst of present apprehension, and perhaps soon to be in the midst of peril, here in the very city, whereon she had passed those few bright days, the brightest and the happiest of her life, alas! that they should have led to consequences so cruelly disastrous—here in a poor mean lodging in a small narrow street, nigh Stonegate, dwelt the once bright and gay Marian.

It was night, and, although summer time, the weather was exceeding damp and chilling. It was night, and a night, moreover, dark, for there was no moon, and the skies were so closely that the faint glimmer of the stars failed in power their thick folds. There were no sounds abroad in the beleaguered city but the distant call from hour to hour of the armed sentinel, and the occasional trampling of the hoofs of horses, as the grand rounds passed through the streets to visit the out-posts, or the relief parties marched to and from the walls.

At this dead hour of the night, in a small wretched parlor scantily furnished with a few common wooden chairs, a coarse oak table on which stood a brazen lamp diffusing a pale uncertain light through the low roofed apartment, and sufficing barely to show the extreme poverty and extreme cleanliness of that abode of high born beauty, sat Marian, Lady de Vaux, plainly attired, and in no wise becomingly to her high station, pale, wan, and thin, and careworn, and sorry to say in the dress of Hawkwood of old days than the poor dismembodied ghost to the fair from it once inhabited.

The floor of the rented room was strewed with sanded, for it was carpetless, and no curtains veiled the small latticed casements—the walls were bare, and of the furniture, beside a few weapons, two or three cloaks and feathered hats disposed with a sad attempt at symmetrical arrangement and ornamentation—few of those books, some paper and materials for writing, and an old late lay on the table by which Marian was reading, and on another corner of which, at a little distance, neatly arranged with a clean white cloth, stood a loaf of bread, the remains, as it would seem, of a scanty meal, and a half bottle of red wine—the supper prepared by the hapless wife, herself fasting and hungered, for the lone rented room.

An open Bible lay before Marian on the board, but though her eyes rested on the blessed pentateuch, as they were at times, as if one mechanically turned its pages, her mind was far away—wandering on every distant world, that rose from the deserted streets, starting at every passing footstep, with a strange mixture, as it seemed, of eager expectation and wild fear.

At length a quick strong heavy tread came up the street, and paused under the window.

It is he,' she said, listening acutely, and a deep crimson flush rising to her white face, but receding rapidly, and leaving only two round hectic spots high up on her cheek bones.

'Thank God!' it is he at last!!! and she arose and trimmed the lamp, and drew the little table forward with the preparation for his supper—but, as the door below yielded to the pass-key which he carried, she started and turned white as ashes; for the sound of a second step reached her ears, and the soft cadence of a female voice. She paused, with her white soul intent upon the sound, and as they came nearer and nearer, and still soon go down.

Original Novel.

MARIAN;
Or, Ingleborough Hall.
A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CONCLUDED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST. BY EMMA MILLER BERKELEY, AUTHOR OF "MARMADUKE WYVIL," "GIL BLAS," "RINGWOOD THE ROVER," "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

Thus then did the days pass away until Marian during those years of which her sister knew so little, each day sadder and bearing less of hope than the last. At length the old man died—his death, that mother whom she had once so cherished, whose memory was still so dear to her —yet had those days, although bringing with decrease in the unhappy wife's cold sadness! No! so completely had the hardening touch of despair fortified all her feelings, that she now felt that nothing could increase or diminish the burthen, under which she labored. If she thought of the dead at all, it was to envy her—to weep—it was to clasp her hands, and turn her eyes up to heaven, and to cry—"Blessed are the read, who die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labors!" And worse every day, and more vicious—aye! and more lasterne and more cruel in his vices, did Ernest de Vaux show himself. Alas!—the career of vice, is as it were on a road with a steep moment's side. There is no halting on the way, no standing still—no power of remaining with one's self. Upward it may not ward, you must on, and on for ever! Upward with conscientious hopes and earnest struggles and energies! downward with head in honey and to peace—or downward, with heading speed, to crime, and agony, and ruin, and that perdition which shall rest and where all hope else have reached their termination. Alas! I say—alas! for the latter was the path in which the steps of De Vaux were hurrying, and to ward this termination.

From gentlemanly vice, as it is falsely called, and those extinguishes or scorns, was rather, of which men, deemed by the world honorable, may be guilty without losing caste, Ernest began now to degenerate into low profligacy, vulgar habitual debauchery! His noble features and fine form had already begun to display the symptoms of habitual intemperance; his courtly manners and air once so noble had deteriorated sadly; his temper, so irritable and mild, and at times so kind, in return who so kindly, had become harsh, and quarrelsome, uneven, and at times violent and brutal.

Yet Marian still clung to him, defended in weal and we, in wealth as in poverty—for at times, in the changes and vicissitudes of the gambler's way, they had in truth undergone much hardship—she was still the unchanged, unerring, fond comforter, and alas! how cruelly, and how often were her sweet consolations cast back upon her, her kind and affectionate advances met with harsh words, and even with blows, and once! yes once, when the mad demon of intoxication was all powerful within him—yes! once with a knife.

It was the fifth year of the civil war, and though many fierce and sanguinary fields had been fought, many brave lives sacrificed, many and manor-houses stormed and defended, much generous, noble blood prodigally wasted, neither side yet had gained anything, or real or permanent advantage. It was the fifth year of the civil war, and the Marquis of Newcastle, one of the most accomplished and brilliant gentlemen of the day, was holding York for the King, though besieged with an overwhelming force, by the combined forces of the English patriots and independents, under Lord Fairfax and Oliver Cromwell, and the Scotch covenanters, under David Leslie, and many of the protestant Lords of the sister kingdom.

The siege had indeed lasted some time, but although those within the city were beginning to look eagerly for the relief which was expected daily from Prince Rupert, they were not as yet straitened for provisions, or despaired. And here in the midst of present apprehension, and perhaps soon to be in the midst of peril, here in the very city, wherein she had passed those few bright days, the brightest and the happiest of her life, alas! that they should have led to consequences so cruelly disastrous—here in a poor mean lodging in a small narrow street, nigh Stonegate, dwelt the once bright and gay Marian.

It was night, and, although summer time, the weather was exceeding damp and chilling. It was night, and a night, moreover, dark, for there was no moon, and the skies were so closely that the faint glimmer of the stars failed in power their thick folds. There were no sounds abroad in the beleaguered city but the distant call from hour to hour of the armed sentinel, and the occasional trampling of the hoofs of horses, as the grand rounds passed through the streets to visit the out-posts, or the relief parties marched to and from the walls.

At this dead hour of the night, in a small wretched parlor scantily furnished with a few common wooden chairs, a coarse oak table on which stood a brazen lamp diffusing a pale uncertain light through the low roofed apartment, and sufficing barely to show the extreme poverty and extreme cleanliness of that abode of high born beauty, sat Marian, Lady de Vaux, plainly attired, and in no wise becomingly to her high station, pale, wan, and thin, and careworn, and sorry to say in the dress of Hawkwood of old days than the poor dismembodied ghost to the fair from it once inhabited.

The floor of the rented room was strewed with sanded, for it was carpetless, and no curtains veiled the small latticed casements—the walls were bare, and of the furniture, beside a few weapons, two or three cloaks and feathered hats disposed with a sad attempt at symmetrical arrangement and ornamentation—few of those books, some paper and materials for writing, and an old late lay on the table by which Marian was reading, and on another corner of which, at a little distance, neatly arranged with a clean white cloth, stood a loaf of bread, the remains, as it would seem, of a scanty meal, and a half bottle of red wine—the supper prepared by the hapless wife, herself fasting and hungered, for the lone rented room.

An open Bible lay before Marian on the board, but though her eyes rested on the blessed pentateuch, as they were at times, as if one mechanically turned its pages, her mind was far away—wandering on every distant world, that rose from the deserted streets, starting at every passing footstep, with a strange mixture, as it seemed, of eager expectation and wild fear.

At length a quick strong heavy tread came up the street, and paused under the window.

'It is he,' she said, listening acutely, and a deep crimson flush rising to her white face, but receding rapidly, and leaving only two round hectic spots high up on her cheek bones.

'Thank God!' it is he at last!!! and she arose and trimmed the lamp, and drew the little table forward with the preparation for his supper—but, as the door below yielded to the pass-key which he carried, she started and turned white as ashes; for the sound of a second step reached her ears, and the soft cadence of a female voice. She paused, with her white soul intent upon the sound, and as they came nearer and nearer, and more distinct—

"My God!" she said to herself, in a low choked voice, and her hands fell down upon her sides, as if in mortal anguish, "my God! it cannot be.

But it was—it was, as she dreaded—as she would not believe! Shame on the dastard villain! it was true!

The door opened suddenly, and Ernest de Vaux entered with a tall and exceedingly handsome woman leaning upon his arm, whom he supported, as it seemed, with much attention, for the lady Agnes Trevor, of whose bold and abandoned character he was assuredly aware, had long heard, though she strove to close her ears to them, a thousand cruel rumors. This pair were followed by two soldiers, who had evidently its effect—even the worst, when trodden under foot, will it is said, rise up against its torturer; and even the bosom of the most abject slave of the superb and stately majesty with which the wronged and heart-broken woman drew herself up to her full height, at the blush of grand indignation which lightened from every speaking feature—if he had calculated that her spirit was so utterly cowed and broken that she would endure everything in silence—may he had he erred, and tremendously was he now punished.

Even the guilty woman who accompanied him, started back in dismay—it would appear even, that Ernest, as he knew before him that he was conducting her, for she shrank back aghast and clung to his arm yet closer than before, as she raised her eyes to his face with a sad tone—"who is this—who is this lady Ernest?"

"It is his wife, madame!" replied Marian, taking a forward step—"his wedded wife, for whom it is needful you should see you are, that intrude thus upon her, at this unusual hour!!!

"It is my wife, Agnes," answered De Vaux at the same moment—"my wife, whom it will be happy to extend her hospitality to you, until these most unhappy jars are ended, and I can restore you to your own home. Marian, it is the Lady Agnes Trevor, who asks your welcome; assure her!—

"I do assure her," replied Marian, haughtily—"that she is perfectly fully welcome to enjoy all the comforts, all the hospitalities which this roof has to offer—and grief!—

"Why that is well!"—replied her husband with a sneering smile, "I told you, Agnes, she is a noble soul, and so she proves—she is a queen! she kindly, but heartless harsh, and querulous

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 17, 1861.

children of my pastorate, and forget none but the funeral ceremonies.

At last, beyond midnight, I closed my eyes, and gave up my thoughts to the wild powers of dreamery. Then I preached with a blind voice to my church; while my congregation would persist in sleeping. After the sermon, my congregation came out of the church transformed into cheery and stars, dancing and howling at me when I reproved them. I tried to lead my wife away; but could not succeed. She was a young tree that grew, and grew, from a small twenty-foot sapling. Then I tried to kill it covered both our heads.

climb up to heaven, upon a ladder, but potatoes, grass, trees, and peas, entangled my feet, and hindered every step. At last I saw myself walking upon my head among my possessions; and as I wondered how far this could go, I fell more soundly asleep. Yet I must have continued my pastoral round; for in the morning I woke myself at the end of a long sermon, by saying—"Amen." I had some trouble to convince myself that the events of the preceding evening did not belong to my dreams, until Augustus made his appearance, and invited me to be with his family at noon.

The pastorate, Wilhelmina, the family into which I had entered, the new hopes of the future that now glistened in the sunshine of the present; all filled me with joy to be felt, not described.

From the depth of a thankful heart, I bathed the new life dawning upon me with a resolution, whatever might come, *to do the best, and hope for the best in every case!*

Two years after that happy dinner, I sat, one autumn evening, in my study parsonage, beside the fire. Of course no one but my dear wife, Wilhelmina, and myself. I was about to read to her the sermon I had prepared for the next Sunday, and which I hoped would prove very edifying to my congregation. As I turned over the manuscript, a loose leaf fell out. It was the very paper upon which, just two years previous to that evening, I had written down my thoughts on domestic happiness, in attention, apparently, to far away from everything of the kind. I showed it to my wife. She read it, and smiled through her tears; then, with an arch expression which is, I believe, peculiar to herself, she took up my pen and wrote on the other side of the leaf as follows:—

"The author can, well, I hope, give a picture of his situation, quite a contrast to that on the reverse. Now, he is no longer lonely, no more forsaken and desolate. His gentlest sigh is answered; his most intimate sorrows are shared with his wife. He goes, her heart follows him. He comes; she hastens to meet him with a smile. Her tears are wiped away by her hand, and his smiles are reflected upon her face. She pleases herself to strive his faith. He has a flock dear to him, several devoted friends, and the cousins as his relatives all who are destitute. He loves; he is beloved. He has the power to make men happy; he is happy."

Truly has my Wilhelmina inspired my present situation; and, inspired with feelings cheerful and bright as sunbeams in spring, I send forth my hopes to delight themselves in the future.

I hope that my sermon for next Sunday will be useful to my people, and though some of the doctrines may be fast asleep, I hope that will not be allowed to disturb my temper. For my cousin, children, I have hopes prepared. If I have a son, I hope he may grow up every-manner; if a daughter, oh, I have hopes for her!

I hope, in the course of a little time, to find a publisher for my sermons.

I hope to live many years with my wife.

We, that is Wilhelmina and myself, hope during the time to dry many tears, and for ourselves, to shed as few as may fall to the lot of children of the earth such as we are.

We hope that neither of us will long survive the other.

Lastly, we hope, that we shall always be able to hope while here; and, when all the hopes of this green earth must vanish away before the light of eternal certainties, then we hope our Good Father will pronounce a mild judgment upon his humble and hopeful children.

A LONDON BREWERY.

The Boston Chronicle has a correspondent abroad, who, wherever he may like, *it is evident* does not like beer. In many of his letters are interesting and graphic passages. The following will give a better idea of the famous Whitbread Brewery than almost any other description which we have ever seen:

"It is a city in itself, a conglomeration of many dingy masses of confined architecture, a place of the utmost convenience for human fishes to dwell. There are steam engines,* mills for grinding malt upon tube—little streets leading only a few hundred barrels, in which they stir up the broth of stupidity—coppers to brew in, large enough to cook an elephant's soup, in which they might swim a dozen elephants whole, more heated by the fires underneath, but now by high steam, generated in a series of seven boilers, all of which are kept far more than boiling hot by the force of 4,000 tons of coal per season. Here are fermenting vats, and backs and tubs. We were shown into one of the fermenting rooms, which was arranged to resemble a church.

"I would hold it one full grown Christian people, and I believe actually held ten times that number of evil spirits. The lofty galleries were filled with vats, in which the liquid was seeking and foaming with its filthy yeast, the first stage of its fermentation. The body of the house was full of tubs as big as a couple of boghouses each, arranged among aisles, boarded up half way to catch the spume. In all that mighty congregation of hogsheads, with a head up-stuck out from the top of each, were spewing over into their aisles. When this impurity arrives at a certain stage, the liquid is drawn off into a room below, and hopped up for use. In another room we were shown much larger vats, in which the process was commencing. They held from 500 to 1,000 barrels. Our pair of some twenty souls, men, women and children, stood on the upper head of one of them, and looked down through a glass skylight into the fermented liquor below.

"We passed into the counting house, where the barrels and kinds are made, of solid oak staves, handy to take down. We saw the stone warehouses of malt and hops. They contain here from 4 to 500,000 bushels of malt in a year, and how many tons of hops I have forgotten. But of the latter, on account of constant variations of price, they have rarely a large supply on hand. The vast store-house was crowded with sacks of the bales, fifteen or twenty feet high. The greatest wonder, however, was the building in which they store away their beer. To my nothing of its subterranean regions, in which there were long ranges of butts and barrels, and kegs, ready to be carted off to supply customers, and where there was an ornamental fountain in the ground, and a cistern 4,000 barrels above ground, there were in one room eight into-hooped, by and by, to be sent to the country. Then I tried to kill it covered both our heads.

"The pastorate, Wilhelmina, the family into which I had entered, the new hopes of the future that now glistened in the sunshine of the present; all filled me with joy to be felt, not described.

"From the depth of a thankful heart, I bathed the new life dawning upon me with a resolution, whatever might come, *to do the best, and hope for the best in every case!*

"

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$1 if paid in advance; $1.25 is allowed for six months.

Postmasters are requested to [illegible] their letters addressed to us. The word "Post" is not required in the address.

Agents will please send one dollar before the sixth number is issued.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Subscriptions received only at the end of the current half yearly subscription, unless by a note to the agent at the Philadelphia Post Office.

Small Bank Notes of current Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make remittances, without which it is impossible to continue our paper. They should always give the name and time paid for.

Subscribers must give the name of the Post Office removed from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will act for the Saturday Post, and receive subscriptions and payments.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, Saturday Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wilson.

JAMES W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is authorized to receive subscriptions for the above work.

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

STEPHEN W. KEARNY is collector of the Saturday Post in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL D. JAMES is Agent for us in the North and North Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Wright, William H. Wall, G. D. Wall, and Thomas Wall.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE—collector in the Pennsylvania.

JAMES FIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

Notices of New Works.

A NEW GREEK GRAMMAR. *By Charles Anthon, L. L. D. Price $4. 50 or Cobwebs College. By Theodore Tyro. Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Barfoot.*—Making grammar so short that it can be learned in a day—"shaving morning face," leaving to their heirs or their uncles, Anthon's school books. The manner in which each verse is parsed, by the author of the Cobwebs engraved, is, leading the pupil onward, like those wonders in the way of the Auctioneer and the Confidence of American School Boys." There is no penance on the part of the author to the discomfort of any text book, by which learning may be obtained without effort, but the books are so many and so different, that unless every one of them comes available to further progress, almost as soon as it is acquired. The young student finds the time on his hands, completely thrown away. Instead of learning what he feared might prove almost impossible of acquisition, is not only easily but pleasantly attained. Wonderfully. Personally to the taking up of the "New Grammar," he laughed when it was brought to him, and called it "Lessons," by the same author. From those he gets a good general idea of the manner of learning. The book will give him no horror, the explanations of its appropriate anomalies, the regularity of its irregularities—its connexion with the languages of Europe, will give a full advocate of what the patient study of the best and most critical grammarians, has rendered the study of the latter understanding of the language. It is a volume of some five hundred pages—and truly a most valuable book.

KNICKERBOCKER'S *Gentleman's First Class Stationary Reader, and Spelling Book. By Thomas Kneeland. Knickerbocker, Enlarged, and adapted to the progress of Education in the United States. By Epes Sargent. New York: Sexton & Hutte. Philadelphia: J. M. Campbell.*—The words—including the eleventh month that "the common rules of orthography or the oral sample," contain these four rules, intelligibly stated, and to accomplish to be parsed by the pupil, in the first lesson, in the space of any of ordinary sense, can fail to be improved. Nor can be sent of the author's improvement to his manner of reading, by a careful attention to this treatise. The section for the exercise of the pupil in the use of the rules, are made with good judgment, and the taste of the American editor, himself an accomplished scholar, and graceful speaker, is shown in the selection of the prose and poetical lessons, which he has made to the book. In a new work, it is much which we can honestly and cordially recommend.

ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY. *On the Basis of Relations between Magnitudes. To which are added Six Books on Proportion. By James B. Thompson, A. M. Philadelphia: Daniel D. Thompson.*—Mr. Thompson has published an edition of Day's Algebra—which, at the time of its publication, was considered the right value for the price, and has been largely adopted as an elementary book. The work under notice, we consider to be the best which has long been introduced. It is an elementary treatise, accurate and rigorous in its demonstrations, and yet not above the capacity of the student for whom it is made. The success of Mr. Thompson in preparing Day's Algebra, is the guarantee of the goodness of the present work, and so far as a cursory examination enables us to judge, we take pleasure in saying that it is in every way better than at the former undertaking. Teachers and School Directors are bound to do duty, to examine for themselves.

LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON. *By Amos Kendall. Part V. Harper. Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Barfoot.*—Part V. of this somewhat costly work has reached us. It is executed in the same handsome style as the preceding numbers, and is from the able hand of Amos Kendall, the author of the work. The present number is devoted to the history of the war with the Seminole Indians, and the events connected with the removal of the Creeks to the West. The history of the Seminole war, is one of the most interesting portions of the history of the United States. The events connected with the removal of the Creeks to the West, are made with good judgment, and the taste of the American editor, himself an accomplished scholar, and graceful speaker, is shown in the selection of the prose and poetical lessons, which he has made to the book. In a new work, it is much which we can honestly and cordially recommend.

ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY. *On the Basis of Relations between Magnitudes. To which are added Six Books on Proportion. By James B. Thompson, A. M. Philadelphia: Daniel D. Thompson.*—Mr. Thompson has published an edition of Day's Algebra—which, at the time of its publication, was considered the right value for the price, and has been largely adopted as an elementary book. The work under notice, we consider to be the best which has long been introduced. It is an elementary treatise, accurate and rigorous in its demonstrations, and yet not above the capacity of the student for whom it is made. The success of Mr. Thompson in preparing Day's Algebra, is the guarantee of the goodness of the present work, and so far as a cursory examination enables us to judge, we take pleasure in saying that it is in every way better than at the former undertaking. Teachers and School Directors are bound to do duty, to examine for themselves.

LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON. *By Amos Kendall. Part V. Harper. Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Barfoot.*—Part V. of this somewhat costly work has reached us. It is executed in the same handsome style as the preceding numbers, and is from the able hand of Amos Kendall, the author of the work. The present number is devoted to the history of the war with the Seminole Indians, and the events connected with the removal of the Creeks to the West. The history of the Seminole war, is one of the most interesting portions of the history of the United States. The events connected with the removal of the Creeks to the West, are made with good judgment, and the taste of the American editor, himself an accomplished scholar, and graceful speaker, is shown in the selection of the prose and poetical lessons, which he has made to the book. In a new work, it is much which we can honestly and cordially recommend.

Notices of the Dead.

DEATH OF A PATRIOT.—Died in Deerfield, Mass., on the 4th inst., Abiram Coffeen, Captain James Whedden, aged 83. He was a native and for many years a resident of Greenland, N. H. Soon after the breaking out of the Revolution, he marched as a volunteer in Capt. Clark's company. He fought in the Battle of Saratoga, at Bunker Hill, and Bennington. He was a man of considerable talent, generous man. As examples of his friendship and liberality in the cause of freedom, we may mention that he was a member of the Committee of Safety appointed by the town of Portsmouth, he drove one of his best oxen from his farm to Greenland, to Portsmouth, killed it and distributed it to the soldiers' families. Widow Rev. Mr. Neal was ordained at Greenland, he presented him with one of the best cows of his herd. He was a man of strong mind and sound judgment, the Rev. Mr. Alden, when he was ordained.

AMERICAN MISSIONARY FAILURE.—The Christian Workman says:—The painful intelligence of the death of the Rev. George S. Comstock, a missionary to the Sandwich Islands, in April last, at Kaumie, Atwater, has involved the Missionary Station by the last steamer. He died of the same disease, typhus fever, at Kealakekua, on the 26th April. He has thus quietly followed his excellent and lamented wife to receive his final reward.

DEATH OF REV. GEORGE D. SOMMERS.—Mr. Sommers, died in Bethel, and a funeral procession of the people of Bethel to Baltimore, died on the 16th ult. at the residence of his father, in Montgomery county, Md. This announcement will be received with pain by a large class of our citizens, and many will be sad.—Truly a good man has fallen in Israel.

DEATH OF SENATOR BROOKE.—Nathaniel Rumke, Esq., late a member of the State Senate from Chester county, died at his residence, in Vincent, aged 56 years, of a protracted illness. Mr. B. was a man of many amiable qualities, of good literary and highly respected both as a citizen and public officer.

☞ Died, at East Hartford, Conn., on the 8th inst., Dr. Timothy Hall, aged 87. His death was occasioned by being thrown out of a wagon. Dr. H. was a Surgeon in the Revolutionary army, and was one of the witness to the execution of Major Andre. He was beloved and esteemed by all who knew him.

☞ We notice the death of John G. Coster, in the 70th year. He came to this country more than fifty years since, and accumulated a large fortune in business. He was one of the founders of the Leake and Watts Orphan Asylum. He was eighty-two years of age.

☞ Mr. John Davis, the Coroner of New Orleans, died on the 3d inst., after a severe illness of three or four days duration. He was in his 38th year.

☞ The Queen. *New York: Harpers'.* Part III. of this current editor has been received by *Zieber & Co.*, and by *Roberts & Peterson*, of Philadelphia, from whom single it will obtain a singular public of miscellaneous literature and considerable merit.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.—A life of Gen. Marion is shortly to appear, from the pen of W. G. Simmes, Esq. The only available biography of the hero of Eutaw at present extant, is Weems's—more romantic, we suspect, than authentic.

☞ The Wanderers. *New: Herbert's translation.* Part III., has been received by *Zieber & Co.*, and *Roberts & Peterson.*

☞ Cecil has sent us Part I. of "The Wandering Jew." Harper & Brothers.

Army & Navy.

☞ The U. States frigate Potomac, Captain Newell, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore David Conner of the Home Squadron, arrived at this port on Saturday. The Potomac was last from Havana, which port she left on the 19th of July. Officers and crew all well.

☞ The United States steamer schr. Crawford, R. Ray, commander, from Savannah, arrived at St. Augustine, on the 30th ult., with Gen. Worth and Captain Sprague, U. S. Army, as passengers.

☞ The U. States ship Preble, now lying in New York, is about to sail for the Coast of Africa.

☞ Lieut. Tyssowski, of the U. S. Surveying Expedition in the Columbia River, with his party, reached Westport on the 20th ult., and were expected to arrive in St. Louis on the 24 inst. They have endured great hardships in this expedition.

☞ General Scott arrived at Milwaukie en route for the frontier posts, on the 26th ult., accompanied by Captain Sherburne, Quarter Master, Buffalo, and Lieutenants Williams, Scott, and Murphy.

☞ The United States Government have commenced operations for constructing a fort upon the Penobscot river, opposite Bucksport.

☞ Lieut. Totten, of the U. S. steamer Poinsett, has the commencement of Dec. 4 [illegible] at the canal in the vicinity.

☞ Commodore Chas. H. Bell, has been ordered to the U. S. ship of war Yorktown, to relieve Commodore Shubrick.

☞ The U. S. ship Somers sailed from Key West on the 26th ult., on a cruise. Officers and crew all well.

Notes of the Weather, &c.

The Norfolk papers, state that a very long continued drought has visited Charles City, Prince Edward, Cumberland, and the adjoining counties, has done much injury to the tobacco and corn crops of that region. No rain had fallen for four months. The fate of the tobacco crop is very precarious, and the corn crop is cut short; it is thought, be curtailed one half, if not more.

☞ Buffalo was visited with a very heavy fall of rain, on the 25th, a terrific storm passed over Lake Ontario, with great violence. It was a perfect avalanche of water, and lasted something like an hour and a half. At the Indian Reserve, the streets were almost impassable, on the unprecedented element obtained mastery, and carried all before it. Cellars were filled, and [illegible] Indian wells materially injured by submersion.

☞ We understand, says the Camden (S. C.) Journal, that there is a very large crop of peaches of this and the adjoining districts, as well as the neighboring counties in North Carolina, suffering much from the drought. The crop, however, not more than half crop are expected.

☞ In the storm on Wednesday, July 25th, the mate of James Cooper, of Bunker Hill, Illinois, was instantly killed by lightning. Mrs. Cooper was at the time in the yard in the house. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper were formerly from New York.

☞ The St. Augustine News, learns that very good crops of corn will be gathered in East Florida, notwithstanding the extensive drought which has prevailed. The entire crops are also in a very flourishing condition at this time.

☞ The Western Expositor, of the 30th ult., says:—Shortly after 1 o'clock, this morning a considerable shock of an earthquake was felt in our house, yesterday. It commenced at ten minutes before 1 o'clock, and lasted for about a minute, and was made with good judgment, and the taste of the American editor, himself an accomplished scholar, and graceful speaker, is shown in the selection of the prose and poetical lessons, which he has made to the book. In a new work, it is much which we can honestly and cordially recommend.

☞ The Plantations in the vicinity of Edgefield, (S. C.) have suffered a great deal from the drought. By *James B. Thompson, A. M. Philadelphia: Daniel D. Thompson.*—Mr. Thompson has published an edition of Day's Algebra—which, at the time of its publication, was considered the right value for the price, and has been largely adopted as an elementary book. The work under notice, we consider to be the best which has long been introduced. It is an elementary treatise, accurate and rigorous in its demonstrations, and yet not above the capacity of the student for whom it is made. The success of Mr. Thompson in preparing Day's Algebra, is the guarantee of the goodness of the present work, and so far as a cursory examination enables us to judge, we take pleasure in saying that it is in every way better than at the former undertaking. Teachers and School Directors are bound to do duty, to examine for themselves.

☞ The Plantations in the vicinity of Edgefield, (S. C.) have suffered a great deal from the drought. By *James B. Thompson, A. M. Philadelphia: Daniel D. Thompson.*—Mr. Thompson has published an edition of Day's Algebra—which, at the time of its publication, was considered the right value for the price, and has been largely adopted as an elementary book. The work under notice, we consider to be the best which has long been introduced. It is an elementary treatise, accurate and rigorous in its demonstrations, and yet not above the capacity of the student for whom it is made. The success of Mr. Thompson in preparing Day's Algebra, is the guarantee of the goodness of the present work, and so far as a cursory examination enables us to judge, we take pleasure in saying that it is in every way better than at the former undertaking. Teachers and School Directors are bound to do duty, to examine for themselves.

Religious Intelligence.

INDIA.—By late intelligence, the native population of Southern India were rapidly advancing in wealth where the persecutions of the foolish, degrading, and unnatural rite of Suttee or Self-immolation, on the part of the widow, at the funeral pile of her husband. Under date of March 14, 1844, the Bishop of Madras, says that twenty-six villages, in the province of Tinnevelly, have recently come over to Christianity, and entirely abolished their idols, requesting to be taken under Christian instruction. Many of the Hindoo Missionaries, at an earlier date, says, that he had, within the two preceding months, received seven hundred natives under his care.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.—A life of Gen. Marion is shortly to appear, from the pen of W. G. Simmes, Esq. The only available biography of the hero of Eutaw at present extant, is Weems's—more romantic, we suspect, than authentic.

☞ The Wanderers. *New: Herbert's translation.* Part III., has been received by *Zieber & Co.*, and *Roberts & Peterson.*

☞ Cecil has sent us Part I. of "The Wandering Jew." Harper & Brothers.

Army & Navy.

☞ The U. States frigate Potomac, Captain Newell, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore David Conner of the Home Squadron, arrived at this port on Saturday. The Potomac was last from Havana, which port she left on the 19th of July. Officers and crew all well.

☞ The United States steamer schr. Crawford, R. Ray, commander, from Savannah, arrived at St. Augustine, on the 30th ult., with Gen. Worth and Captain Sprague, U. S. Army, as passengers.

☞ The U. States ship Preble, now lying in New York, is about to sail for the Coast of Africa.

☞ Lieut. Tyssowski, of the U. S. Surveying Expedition in the Columbia River, with his party, reached Westport on the 20th ult., and were expected to arrive in St. Louis on the 24 inst. They have endured great hardships in this expedition.

☞ General Scott arrived at Milwaukie en route for the frontier posts, on the 26th ult., accompanied by Captain Sherburne, Quarter Master, Buffalo, and Lieutenants Williams, Scott, and Murphy.

☞ The United States Government have commenced operations for constructing a fort upon the Penobscot river, opposite Bucksport.

☞ Lieut. Totten, of the U. S. steamer Poinsett, has the commencement of Dec. 4 [illegible] at the canal in the vicinity.

☞ Commodore Chas. H. Bell, has been ordered to the U. S. ship of war Yorktown, to relieve Commodore Shubrick.

☞ The U. S. ship Somers sailed from Key West on the 26th ult., on a cruise. Officers and crew all well.

Notices of the Weather, &c.

The Norfolk papers, state that a very long continued drought has visited Charles City, Prince Edward, Cumberland, and the adjoining counties, has done much injury to the tobacco and corn crops of that region. No rain had fallen for four months. The fate of the tobacco crop is very precarious, and the corn crop is cut short; it is thought, be curtailed one half, if not more.

☞ Buffalo was visited with a very heavy fall of rain, on the 25th ult., a terrific storm passed over Lake Ontario, with great violence. It was a perfect avalanche of water, and lasted something like an hour and a half. At the Indian Reserve, the streets were almost impassable, on the unprecedented element obtained mastery, and carried all before it. Cellars were filled, and [illegible] Indian wells materially injured by submersion.

☞ We understand, says the Camden (S. C.) Journal, that there is a very large crop of peaches of this and the adjoining districts, as well as the neighboring counties in North Carolina, suffering much from the drought. The crop, however, not more than half crop are expected.

☞ In the storm on Wednesday, July 25th, the mate of James Cooper, of Bunker Hill, Illinois, was instantly killed by lightning. Mrs. Cooper was at the time in the yard in the house. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper were formerly from New York.

☞ The St. Augustine News, learns that very good crops of corn will be gathered in East Florida, notwithstanding the extensive drought which has prevailed. The entire crops are also in a very flourishing condition at this time.

☞ The Western Expositor, of the 30th ult., says:—Shortly after 1 o'clock, this morning a considerable shock of an earthquake was felt in our house, yesterday. It commenced at ten minutes before 1 o'clock, and lasted for about a minute, and was made with good judgment, and the taste of the American editor, himself an accomplished scholar, and graceful speaker, is shown in the selection of the prose and poetical lessons, which he has made to the book. In a new work, it is much which we can honestly and cordially recommend.

☞ The Plantations in the vicinity of Edgefield, (S. C.) have suffered a great deal from the drought. By *James B. Thompson, A. M. Philadelphia: Daniel D. Thompson.*—Mr. Thompson has published an edition of Day's Algebra—which, at the time of its publication, was considered the right value for the price, and has been largely adopted as an elementary book. The work under notice, we consider to be the best which has long been introduced. It is an elementary treatise, accurate and rigorous in its demonstrations, and yet not above the capacity of the student for whom it is made. The success of Mr. Thompson in preparing Day's Algebra, is the guarantee of the goodness of the present work, and so far as a cursory examination enables us to judge, we take pleasure in saying that it is in every way better than at the former undertaking. Teachers and School Directors are bound to do duty, to examine for themselves.

Personal News.

☞ Colonel Broadhead, the historical agent of the State of New York, arrived at New York City, on Monday, in the Queen of the West, from Liverpool. He has brought with him a large number of manuscripts copied from English archives, and another large parcel of valuable documents is on board a Havre packet, daily expected.

☞ The New Bedford Mercury states that the report that the Hon. Joseph Grinnell, of that place, declines the re-election to Congress, is entirely unauthorised; and that he will be a candidate, in that respect, by the wishes and interests of his political friends.

☞ Hon. Henry B. Foster, of Westmoreland, was unanimously re-nominated for Congress, on the 30th inst., by the Democratic convention of Westmoreland, Bedford and Cambria, composing the 19th Congressional District.

☞ Governor Morton declines a nomination for Congress as a candidate for Governor of Massachusetts. He has been a candidate annually, for twenty-seven years, and has been twice elected, each time by a majority.

☞ The Directors of the Bank of Montgomery County, have elected John Boyer, Esq., President of that Institution, in place of the vacancy occasioned by the death of the late Jos Thomas.

☞ George Read Riddle, Esq., has been nominated as the Democratic candidate for Congress from Delaware, in place of Edward Wetherill, Esq., who declined a re-election.

☞ The Democrats in 6th First District of Ohio, have nominated James J. Faran, Esq., for the next Congress. The District is at present represented by Mr. Vinton.

☞ It is stated that E. Snowden, Esq., has been removed from the office of Surveyor of the port of Anders, and that Mr. T. Hollowell succeeds him.

☞ Joseph Bancroft, Esq., has been appointed Deputy Collector of the Customs at Savannah, and has entered upon the duties of his station.

☞ The President has officially recognised the Chevalier A. Calderon de la Barca, as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Spain.

☞ Ex-Governor Cowan, is ill at Portsmouth, Ohio, made so by excessive exertion during the late canvass for Speaker.

☞ Josiah S. Little, of Portland, has been nominated for Congress by the Whigs of the Cumberland District, Maine.

☞ It is said that Mr. Coster, who died in New York, last week, left a fortune of 3,000,000 dollars.

☞ The Hon. John M. Botts, lies ill at the city of Richmond, under an attack of congestive fever.

☞ John Ross, the celebrated Cherokee Chief, is at Portland, Maine, on a visit.

☞ Ex-President Van Buren, is at Saratoga. Five thousand other visitors are there.

☞ Mr. I. T. Worner, has resigned the Office of Postmaster, of Pottsville, Pa.

Educational.

☞ The annual commencement of the Middlebury College, Vt., took place July 31st. On the day previous the Literary Societies of the college celebrated. The Rev. Mr. Mitchell, of Rutland, and Rev. Dr. W. R. Sprague, of N. Bany. On the commencement day the alumni were addressed by Hon. Mason Lawrence, of Belchertown. The honorary degree of D.D. was conferred on Rev. Milton Badger, Secretary of the American Home Missionary Society, New York city, and on Rev. Thomas J. Conant, Professor in the Literary and Theological Institution, Hamilton, N. Y.

☞ Rev. Dr. Schaf.—It will be remembered that this gentleman, a professor on one of the German Universities, was elected President of the German Reformed College, at Mercersburgh, Pa., in place of the celebrated Krumacher, who declined the appointment. He has just arrived in this country, and enters immediately upon his office. He is very highly spoken of. We are recommended to our station to which he is elected, by Tholuck, Christlieb, and other eminent scholars and Christians, in Germany.

☞ The Charleston Chamber of Commerce having a surplus fund, recently came to the determination to recommend the formation of a Charleston Literary Association on the plan of the one in this city, and apply their surplus fund to the purchase of books for the formation of a library. Measures have already been taken for the practical realization of the generous and benevolent determination.

GETTYSBURG COLLEGE.—The exhibition at this institution, for the benefit of students, was largely attended. The exercises were moderate. Rev. C. D. Kessler is President. The commencement takes place on the 3d of September. The session this year, before the Societies, are Rev's. Thomas H. Stockton, and Theophilus Stork, of this city.

☞ Hon. H. H. Childs, late Lieut. Governor of Massachusetts, has been invited to a professorship in the Willoughby (Ohio) Medical College, which invitation he has accepted.

☞ The annual commencement of the University of Vermont, took place at Burlington on the 7th inst. The Literary societies were addressed by Prof. G. W. Benedict, and the Rev. Walter Colton read a poem which is highly praised. At the conclusion of the exercises of the commencement, the alumni of the University held a meeting, and appointed a committee to procure a monument to be erected to the memory of the late Doctor Marsh.

☞ The Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge has through its President, Daniel Webster, presented to the Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association, the sum of five hundred dollars, for the purchase of books. A short time since, it will be remembered, the same society presented to the Mercantile Library Association, of Boston, a sum equal to the above.

MARIETTA COLLEGE, OHIO.—Five young gentlemen graduated at the late commencement. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Mr. Hoge, and by Hon. Bellamy Storer, and Rev. Dr. Cleveland of Ohio.

☞ Mr. James Nonney, now tutor in Natural Philosophy in Yale College, has been appointed Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Western Reserve College, at Hudson, Ohio.

Miscellaneous News.

☞ The Newbernian, N. C., of the 6th inst. says:—We learn that the Commercial Bank, Messrs. Benjamin and Henry Mace, Executors of the late Joseph Physic, of this county, left the port of Newbern, on Saturday night, with twenty-one emancipated slaves under their charge. Mr. Physic died a few years since, and by his will directed a scrap, and imposed duties for sending them from the State, according to the laws of North Carolina.

☞ The steamboat Marietta, on the 24th ult., collided near the river Ross, a few miles below Pine Bluffs, on the Arkansas, killing a deck hand instantly, and badly scalding several persons on board. The boat was on her way to Van Buren, drifted down the stream and finally struck a snag, and immediately sank. She was loaded principally with dry goods, all of which will be either lost or badly damaged.

☞ Elijah Richardson, a convict, who was confined in the jail at Fort Madison, Iowa, for horse stealing, made his escape on the 20th ult. He was captured and taken back to the Fort, where he was set telling trees just before that town. He had chopped off a tree and was in the act of cutting off another, when falling, threw himself on his face directly under the tree, and was killed.

☞ The three State Central Louisiana offer to issue new papers of naturalization to all those who hold the Elliott certificates, on their paying a fee of one penny. They have power to issue the necessary qualifications, without charge. The Judge of the District Court of the United States proposes to hold a session, to examine the necessary qualifications, without charge. The Judge of the District Court of the United States proposes to hold a session, to examine the necessary qualifications, without charge.

☞ There are thirty nine whale ships in the port of New Bedford, discharging and refitting. Thirteen are now loading, one is fast aground, one at Fairhaven, one at Mattapoisett, one at Sag Harbor, and six at Stonington. There are six ships absent from New Bedford, which have been for more than four years.

☞ A steam mill, at Rochester, Beaver Co., Pa., occupied by Messrs. Graham & Rogers, was burned down on Monday night of last week. Loss about $5,000. Insured for $3,000. There were some 80 bbls. of flour manufactured, and an additional loss on lumber. The building was owned by the Bank of Pittsburg.

☞ The Democrats of the Fifth District of Ohio, have nominated James J. Faran, Esq., for the next Congress. The District is at present represented by Mr. Vinton.

☞ It is stated that E. Snowden, Esq., has been removed from the office of Surveyor of the port of Anders, and that Mr. T. Hollowell succeeds him.

☞ Joseph Bancroft, Esq., has been appointed Deputy Collector of the Customs at Savannah, and has entered upon the duties of his station.

☞ The President has officially recognised the Chevalier A. Calderon de la Barca, as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Spain.

☞ Ex-Governor Cowan, is ill at Portsmouth, Ohio, made so by excessive exertion during the late canvass for Speaker.

☞ Josiah S. Little, of Portland, has been nominated for Congress by the Whigs of the Cumberland District, Maine.

☞ It is said that Mr. Coster, who died in New York, last week, left a fortune of 3,000,000 dollars.

☞ The Hon. John M. Botts, lies ill at the city of Richmond, under an attack of congestive fever.

☞ John Ross, the celebrated Cherokee Chief, is at Portland, Maine, on a visit.

☞ Ex-President Van Buren, is at Saratoga. Five thousand other visitors are there.

☞ Mr. I. T. Worner, has resigned the Office of Postmaster, of Pottsville, Pa.

Items of News.

A DUEL.—The Bayou Sara Ledger says that a duel took place about the middle of July, in Point Coupee, between Messrs. Pierre Bergeron and Jean Baptiste Bergeron. All that the latter received two slight wounds in the thigh, which rendered him lame for a few days. The former escaped unhurt. The cause of the duel was a difficulty which transacted during the late election.

DREADFUL DEATH.—Mr. Edward T. Shutz, of Clinton township, Hunterdon county, N. J., met with a most dreadful death on Friday of last week by accidentally falling into a burning log heap. He was employed in clearing land, and was then in burning time, the top of the kiln falling in after him. He was a young man 21 years of age, and highly respected.

☞ The New Hampshire Herald says:—James Patterson, of Orson, wishing to ascertain whether a gun was loaded, directed his friend to take the muzzle of the gun, and he blew into the muzzle. During the operation the lock snapped, and Mr. P. received a charge of shot in his mouth, and expired instantly.

☞ Two young ladies, daughters of Mr. Jonathan Hamilton, N. Y.) went out to bathe in Cosmans Lake, in that vicinity, and had walked only about three rods from the shore when suddenly fell into very deep water, and were drowned.

☞ The sum of $1,200 has been collected from citizens of St. Louis, to aid the sufferers from the late fire. Of this amount $500 was contributed by the New York Sun. Three dollars were sent to Pittsburg, and $1 to Cincinnati. Philadelphia, we believe, contributed nothing.

Richmond Ang. 8.—For cattle from the waters, prime steers, $4 to $4 50; second quality $3 50 to $4; inferior $3 to $3 50. Cows—Sales were dull at $2 to $3 50. Sheep—Sales were dull at $2 to $2 50. Hogs—Sales were dull at from $3.50 to 4. Hogs—Sales were dull at from $3.50 to 4. Hogs—Sales were dull at from $3.50 to 4.

☞ As the fleet in the centre of the Solent Sound at first light and kept to the starboard extremity of crescent, then to the starboard, and then to the centre of the crescent through the means of the circulation, diffuse vitality and [illegible] to the extremities and thence to the centre of the heart. If the blood is impure, or contains some impurity, it is carried to the heart, and if the heart is diseased, or the impurity is not expelled, the result is consumption, or a severe cold, or a cough, or some other disease of the lungs. Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is a remedy for all diseases of the lungs, throat, and chest, and will cure consumption, if there is any remedy in the world that will cure it. Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is a remedy for all diseases of the lungs, throat, and chest, and will cure consumption, if there is any remedy in the world that will cure it.

☞ Two young ladies, daughters of Mr. Jonathan Hamilton, N. Y.) went out to bathe in Cosmans Lake, in that vicinity, and had walked only about three rods from the shore when suddenly fell into very deep water, and were drowned.

☞ The sum of $1,200 has been collected from citizens of St. Louis, to aid the sufferers from the late fire. Of this amount $500 was contributed by the New York Sun. Three dollars were sent to Pittsburg, and $1 to Cincinnati. Philadelphia, we believe, contributed nothing.

Richmond Ang. 8.—For cattle from the waters, prime steers, $4 to $4 50; second quality $3 50 to $4; inferior $3 to $3 50. Cows—Sales were dull at $2 to $3 50. Sheep—Sales were dull at $2 to $2 50. Hogs—Sales were dull at from $3.50 to 4. Hogs—Sales were dull at from $3.50 to 4. Hogs—Sales were dull at from $3.50 to 4.

☞ As the fleet in the centre of the Solent Sound at first light and kept to the starboard extremity of crescent, then to the starboard, and then to the centre of the crescent through the means of the circulation, diffuse vitality and [illegible] to the extremities and thence to the centre of the heart. If the blood is impure, or contains some impurity, it is carried to the heart, and if the heart is diseased, or the impurity is not expelled, the result is consumption, or a severe cold, or a cough, or some other disease of the lungs. Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is a remedy for all diseases of the lungs, throat, and chest, and will cure consumption, if there is any remedy in the world that will cure it. Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is a remedy for all diseases of the lungs, throat, and chest, and will cure consumption, if there is any remedy in the world that will cure it.

Educational.

☞ The annual commencement of the Middlebury College, Vt., took place July 31st. On the day previous the Literary Societies of the college celebrated. The Rev. Mr. Mitchell, of Rutland, and Rev. Dr. W. R. Sprague, of N. Bany. On the commencement day the alumni were addressed by Hon. Mason Lawrence, of Belchertown. The honorary degree of D.D. was conferred on Rev. Milton Badger, Secretary of the American Home Missionary Society, New York city, and on Rev. Thomas J. Conant, Professor in the Literary and Theological Institution, Hamilton, N. Y.

☞ Rev. Dr. Schaf.—It will be remembered that this gentleman, a professor on one of the German Universities, was elected President of the German Reformed College, at Mercersburgh, Pa., in place of the celebrated Krumacher, who declined the appointment. He has just arrived in this country, and enters immediately upon his office. He is very highly spoken of. We are recommended to our station to which he is elected, by Tholuck, Christlieb, and other eminent scholars and Christians, in Germany.

☞ The Charleston Chamber of Commerce having a surplus fund, recently came to the determination to recommend the formation of a Charleston Literary Association on the plan of the one in this city, and apply their surplus fund to the purchase of books for the formation of a library. Measures have already been taken for the practical realization of the generous and benevolent determination.

GETTYSBURG COLLEGE.—The exhibition at this institution, for the benefit of students, was largely attended. The exercises were moderate. Rev. C. D. Kessler is President. The commencement takes place on the 3d of September. The session this year, before the Societies, are Rev's. Thomas H. Stockton, and Theophilus Stork, of this city.

☞ Hon. H. H. Childs, late Lieut. Governor of Massachusetts, has been invited to a professorship in the Willoughby (Ohio) Medical College, which invitation he has accepted.

☞ The Sea Serpent has been seen off Portland. Mr. Worn does her intend to fold his engagement at Nahant!

☞ Master Isaac Hazlit is the 21st ult., received things in very pleasant and rebellion resulting in total [illegible]. Arms is to be tried by court martial. The French Admiral of the station left for Martinique, on the 25th ult., on his return to France.

☞ On Thursday week, Roberts' large paper mill, in Weston, Mass., was entirely consumed by fire. Damage, $5,000, which was covered for $1,000 at the Middlesex Mutual Insurance Co. Loss on machinery, $3,000.

☞ The Fishkill, N. Y. Standard states that the Messrs. Wurtzing, of Orange county, have raised on the farm of Mr. Peter Van Vliet, near Newburg, seventy-two bushels of oats from an acre of ground.

☞ The Brooklyn Eagle notices a cucumber twenty-eight inches long, nine inches in circumference, weighed two and a half pounds, raised by Thos. Chesham, a gardener on Williamsburg street.

Married, in Cohocton, Steuben county, N. Y., on the 15th inst., by the Rev. Robert Adair, Thos. Hoxie, Esq., of Painted Post, to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of the late Col. Thomas Cumming, of Southwick.

At Bristol, Pa., on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Hendley, Mr. Samuel Hendley, to Miss Catharine Peter, all of Bristol, to Miss Mary M. Richardson, of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. John D. Dana, James H. Stanger, to Miss Susanna Boyer, of the county of Northampton.

On the 8th inst. at the M. E. Union Church, by the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Joseph J. Mumford, to Miss Mary A. Hatton, of this city.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Robert Adair, Thos. Hoxie, Esq., of Painted Post, to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of the late Col. Thomas Cumming, of Southwick.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Joseph Castle, Christopher Hoffman, to Miss Catharine Peter, all of Bristol, to Miss Mary M. Richardson, of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Hendley, Mr. Samuel Hendley

Selected Poetry.

THE DYING CHILD.

The night shade had crept o'er the dismal hill,
It was spring, and the eve was cold and chill,
And the last warm sunbeam of summer had fled,
And the day-bird lay in his nest asleep;
When a sick child raised its head from its bed,
Weak as one gasping for breath to keep.

With an arm as wan as bright for a form of clay,
It its mother's arms the infant lay.
And it looked on the face of that mother, where
Memory's fire long time had ceased to burn,
Like struggling sunbeams o'er mother glow,
Lingering the wreathed of departed day.

Not a thing in that lonesome chamber stirr'd,
Not a whisper was near to soothe or be heard,
Nor a sound, save the gasp of the passing breath,
And the struggling sigh that betoken death,
The spell of that painful stillness broke,
Till suddenly and clearly the dream I see spoke
—"Do remember a quiet green spot of ground,
We have all mourned in the cold grave buried around,
And a tall, broad oak, in its grandeur throws
Its cool shade o'er the moss and rest
Away from the hot sun's scorching glare,—
Oh! 'twere all a deed to me sizable. The sexton
—"Mother! oh, mother! my eyes grower dim,"
Bid me not hear you distend hymn!
Earth leaves not the sound,—twas an angel's tongue
Thus sweetly spoke, and in heaven a song of
Calm and commanding, I see the white throne
Of God, and many of those who have gone before
—"How beautiful!" mother—his form droops!
Have I passed through the dark valley alone!
How glorious is the smile of the Saviour! I see
Him, our dear mother, before I die!"
From a cheek pale as marble the color fled,
And the soul of the child with its God was sleeping.

YOUTH AND MANHOOD.

BY RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

Youth, that garment with such grace
Thy even way,
Then passeth it to such a mournful race,
Then way! oh, stay!

Passes and promises in day every plain:
Lustre—satiety!
Come past, there's nought to come back upon
A second boy.

The talk of Niagara over a noble flow,
Which soon from view
The mist of yesterday's fall, or may take their grace,
Is fallen when they rise.

The dark and dreary past those cliffs between
Then cast no look,
And how it frowns and how it never grows,
Dread fields of snow!

Pause, while you may'st, nor doom that fate thy goal,
Will draw thee forth from the delicious plain
A wave at last.

Biography.

LIFE OF LEWIS WAY.

BY PROF. C. A. GOODRICH.

[The following biography may truly be said to illustrate the trite line that "truth is stranger than fiction." It is taken from the Christian Parlor Magazine for August. The writer has the credit of having given a singular but almost irresistible impulse, to ring and inquire whether the person who thus bore his name, was a native of Scotland, or had any knowledge of his parents. The servant reported the strange inquiry to his master: and the gentleman, though from another part of the kingdom, struck with the simplicity of the youth, and the coincidence of their names, directed him to be called in. The house he entered had a richness of furniture and decoration, far beyond his largest conceptions of splendor and magnificence. It was the dwelling of a gentleman of princely fortune, already advanced in years, and possessing every means of enjoyment but one—he had no family to rear relatives; he was alone in the world. This made him curious to inquire into the character of his young namesake. He held him in conversation for some hours, and drew out from him the history of his parents, of his early education, taste, and habits, his object in coming to London, the persons to whom he was introduced, and the lodging place where he lived. Toward the close of these inquiries, he rang for a servant, and after giving him a message in a low tone, resumed the conversation with young Way, and held him much time longer in discourse on various topics, till the servant returned, and in a suppressed voice, made some report to his master, which was received with a nod of approbation.

The gentleman, after a few moments, asked young Way, whether he had any taste for paintings, and proposed to show him some rare productions of the most celebrated Italian masters, which adorned the ample staircase and the halls above. He led him from one piece to another, taking an evident and strong delight in laying open to the young mind before him, which was now of unsuspected sensibility and natural taste, the refined beauties of composition and coloring in these admirable specimens of art. He then led him forward till at length the three open the door of a richly furnished lodging room on the second floor, and invited him to enter. Here young Way saw with great surprise, his own little, worn, rusty valise lying on the table, while the gentleman, to whom he addressed himself, "This is your apartment while you remain unemployed. I will ascertain, if you deserve it, to provide you some useful and honorable occupation in life." I need not dwell on the gratitude of the young man, or the care and penetration with which his ingenious benefactor watched his habits and the promings of his intellect, as he took him into his own house for some time, in respect to any immediate entrance upon business. At length, when he was satisfied that it might safely be done, he ordered young Way to carry him through the University with a view to pushing him into the ministry, to which the wishes of both pointed, as his employment for life.

The progress was joyfully accepted, and Mr. Way, after the requisite course of preparatory study, became a member of the University of Cambridge, where he was distinguished for the activity of his mind, for diligent application, and unaffected piety. Just at the close of his undergraduate course he was sent for, in great haste, to come up to London, his benefactor had been suddenly taken ill, and was alive by in the agonies of death. He arrived too late he came only to look on the venerable countenance cast in the cold, of one who had always met him with a smile of joy, and to whom he owed almost everything he was, or hoped to be in this life. When the funeral was over, and all was read, he found himself, to his astonishment, heir of his benefactor's estate. His better sense pronounced anything beyond a country-living and the intelligence now burst upon him, that he was owner of that splendid mansion, with a property of about twelve hundred thousand pounds sterling! Fifteen or twenty servants now appeared before him, to offer their congratulations and acknowledge him as their master. The group, conducted him to a seat of sixteen chosen friends, with carriages of every kind and fashion, which stood ready at his call. The confidential agent of his benefactor placed him a schedule of all his numerous stocks and other securities and then took him to an open carriage through one part and another of the metropolis, pointing out to him many of these splendid houses or stores, and telling him, "These, sir, are all your own."

Mr. Way was naturally a man of a very amiable temperament, and the shock of that day was too great for him. The next thing of which he was conscious as he told a friend who related it to me, was, that of finding himself at a small neat cottage in a retired village of Kent, under the care of a female servant, who as he afterwards learned, he had been confided for some months in a state of high but pleasurable derangement. His reason gradually returned to him and with it the distinct consciousness of the scenes through which he had passed, and which had, at first, appeared to him as a long dream in Nesan. The result was that he failed to him did not diminish, to the least, the love of learning for its own sake. He took orders a few months after, and proved to be a preacher of unusual power and usefulness. He was married to an accomplished and lovely woman of similar taste and principles to his own, and in common with her devoted himself with unwearied assiduity to works of benevolence.

Mr. Way's favorite had always felt a particular interest for the enjoyment of the Jews, a part of the remnant of his self, that a people for whom he had been ordained he established the benefit of this unhappy people. This led Mr. Way to the study of the Jewish character, and to the good of this personal race, into one of the cities of Europe. With this view, he went by the counsel of Venice, after the fall of Napoleon, and obtained permission from the Papal sovereign, through the intervention of the Synod Minister by, a memorial of some of the leaders and the abilities, under which the Jews were allowed to reside. He then returned to Paris, and continued to make it the centre of numerous plans of benevolence on the continent, upon which his heart was fixed. Accordingly, he purchased for about a hundred thousand francs, a spacious old establishment, once a place of noble entertainment, standing on the Champs Elysees which, I need not say, is the most frequented and beautiful place of resort in that capital, adjoining the palace of the King. A building connected with the establishment, and used as a dancing saloon, he resolved to convert into a chapel for services in the English tongue. Accordingly he caused it to be fitted up in the neat and plain manner of English oak, brought for the purpose from the chestnut; and either employed regularly himself, or provided a chaplain, who officiated in his room. It was truly the most delightful scene of worship I ever witnessed, especially when taken in connection with the peculiarity of the circumstances in the midst of cities which clustered round the place. Such then, was Lewis Way, and such the church he had opened for the English and Americans; in which I was permitted by a friend, through all the gaieties of a Parisian Sabbath, as my first place of worship after the sufferings and privations of my protracted voyage.

We were not long in the city arriving, for my residence was two miles off. The room was crowded with persons evidently of high rank, and of polished manners, and at the close of the moment at the door; in some little embarrassment as to a seat, when a gentleman at the other end of the chapel, kindly came forward, and recommended us to a pleasant pew. He had already commenced: the organ was touched by a skilful hand, and the choir was regularly trained in other scenes, and the whole accompanied with a power of which I had no conception. The accents of my native tongue sounded doubly sweet in the services of the sanctuary, and in connection with the foreign voices which fell everywhere on my ear, without the chapel, full everywhere on my ear, without the chapel, The service was chaste, and performed with the tenderness and solemnity of those who felt the true presence of a hearing ear to God; and who felt it the more because they were "strangers in a strange land." Upon me, in my feeble state of body, the effect was overpowering. The tender air of the whole in a pool of weakness, that, I might almost without restraint during the whole service, and especially the communion which followed, if he considers the scenes of trial through which I had just passed, the associations connected with that little chapel, transformed from a scene of revelry to the worship of God, and the contrast between our employment and that of thousands around us who were wasting their time in thoughtless gaiety, sweeping through the Champs Elysees past our quiet resting, chiefly regardful of that Sabbath on whom our hearts were fixed in sweet and holy communion with God, and, indeed, "a gate of heaven," and much as I have so enjoyed the whole, I feel that I could not have known a season which took so much delight in recalling. It was my first Sabbath in Paris, in the chapel of Lewis Way.

BLANNERHASSET.

The following article, which we cut from the St. Louis Reporter, conveys much of the romance with which the eloquence of Wirt has clothed "Blannerhasset's Island." But it must be acknowledged that the history of Lewis Carr, in spite of the fullness of statement and interest as any thing we have been accustomed to surmise or to believe, relative to Blannerhasset. It shifts the onus, too, to consider Carr the victim, instead of the diabolical innocence of which the island was the scene before the reputed tragedy, but never subsequently. Blannerhasset is considerably clouded by the character of the new proprietor, and after the morning of the whole, however, in all the points of startling interest, and the mystery which has been carried in the West Indies for twenty years. He was a man with all the elements of romance and action with Blannerhasset, or Carr, in the United States, and the writer had no idea that Carr was, really and truly the Blannerhasset of history. The story has appeared in the most touching passages of, eloquence ever delivered at the American bar. What a pity, as the children say, when they get to the end of an interesting story, that it isn't true! But to the story:

Who was Blannerhasset? and what has become of him? Having been read in the New York and Philadelphia papers, several fictitious accounts of this celebrated personage, is the apology which the writer of this article offers for the task he has undertaken to give a history of this man's career, and final exit from the world's stage. It will be found to be more easier to do than to write a highly colored portrait of the man, and to give an account of the fancy of some novel reader. The authority for the facts herein disclosed by the writer, is derived from the confession of the highest character. In the first place, who was Blannerhasset? He was a native of Ireland. This information is that it was an assumed name by Lewis Carr. Having killed a man in a duel in New York and Philadelphia papers, several fictitious accounts of this celebrated personage is the apology which the writer of this article offers for the task he has undertaken to give a history of this man's career, and final exit from the world's stage. It will be found to be more easier to do than to write a highly colored portrait of the man, and to give an account of the fancy of some novel reader. The authority for the facts herein disclosed by the writer, is derived from the confession of the highest character. In the first place, who was Blannerhasset? He was a native of Ireland. This information is that it was an assumed name by Lewis Carr, who was born in Ireland, as has always been supposed. His family was highly respectable, and an elder brother filled the station of Secretary in the Colonial Legislature of the East Indies, to which place young Lewis went and became a clerk in the Secretary's office. He remained about two years, in which time he was engaged in several scrapes and intrigues, which finally compelled him to leave his commissioners, and seek a place of refuge in the West Indies. He first went to Jamaica, where he read law and commenced the practice, which means, and a secret connection with the Spanish Main, he passed over to the Island of West India Islands and on the coast of Mexico. He married a lady of property, and was blessed with equal portions. While residing in the island of Trinidad, he became acquainted with Aaron Burr, and became associated with many of the leading men who were preparing the way for a revolution in Mexico. Burr's plans were, at this short time, and being a bold, unprincipled intriguer, he was easily ensnared by a fascinating lure, of one kind of another, until shortly he found himself in the toils of Burr, and with the wife of one of the wealthy citizens of Trinidad, whose name has been made known to him, and he sold out his property and came to the United States, and was soon after joined by and from thence to Louisville, Kentucky, where he again invested considerable some property, and finally located himself on the Virginia Island in the Ohio River, near Marietta. The writer has been informed by Mr. Blannerhasset himself, that he married New Orleans, he assumed the name of Blannerhasset, and that he accomplished lady who accompanied and lived with him on the island, was a lady of education and had many fascinating accomplishments, and was highly esteemed for her many excellent qualities. Mrs. Blannerhasset was a woman of sense